

Ladies' Department.

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY NATHAN D. TURNER.
The first sweet breath of the month of May
Faints into the quiet room,
Laden with children's voices gay
And perfume of flowers and of perfume.
And here from the window, low, and here you and I
Can see the hill-side green,
There the sunbeams glance and the school girls
Dance
Around their bright May Queen.

And here are the lads of the village, too,
Their homely boughs to pay;
And their cheeks are fair as the flowers they
throw.

At the feet of the Queen of May.
And she, with her golden hair a-toss,
Drew round her a fragrant dream,
Her robes in the bright twilight more,
She could not sneeze seem.

Ab, dearest! your spirit renites itself
In that blush that flows to your cheeks;
And memorial love, like a sweet little elf,
To the Queen of May.

Or bright May-day, when you were the Queen
Brightly and royally crowned,
And, with dance and song, the whole day long,
We circled you gay round.

And just as you schoolboy, there, on the green,
Left at your feet, you dropped (unseen).

The bright rose from your crown.

I pressed my lips to its brilliant leaves—

With a schoolboy's passion, I own;

But the Queen of May, on that joyous day,

In my heart had built her bower.

And perennial sweets my bosom shrilled,

As shrill then me even today.

For the little of the Spring by your love was
Instilled.

On that glorious morning in May.

And (ah! the blush returns to your cheek)

At those shouts that from the green!

Were in the green, and you sighed the word

Woe!

Which made my heart's May Queen.

—N. D. T.

The Poet's Corner.

MADEMOISELLE NECKER.

CHAPTER I.—A VERY IMPORTANT LETTER.

"Mr. Gibbons—Do me the favor to call and see me. I have something of the greatest importance to confide to you, and with particularity."

"You will find me at St. Ouen. Papa brought me here last week by order of Dr. Trouche, who has been ill."

"I am, dear Mr. Gibbons, with great respect, your little friend."

"April 10, 1777."

The following morning (April 11th), two gentlemen, not sojourning, set out, early along the high road that led to St. Ouen.

Said one of the two to his companion, "I confess, dear Gibbons, I am curious to know what can be the secret of the greatest importance?" that Germaine has to communicate to you?"

"I alone," said, "but that is to be confided to you alone." And with an air of mock suspicion, he toyed with the folds of his lace shirt.

"But my friends outweigh them," an-

sured Necker, extending his hand to Gibbons, "and so long as they are true to me, I shall be safe." But to return to my econ-

omy. Did you hear her letter to her mother?"

"Discretion forbids! I might have been the sound of my voice," retur-

ned Gibbons, speaking more than usual.

"Germaine, she would, no. I love your innocent simplicity."

"Only prove my taste of taste," replied Necker.

"I am, indeed, charmed with your con-

versation."

"No, Mr. Gibbons," said Germaine,

"but I do not enjoy your conversation."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair. "I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

"I am a poor creature, but doing my best to serve you, and to be useful, though I have little time."

"Well, if you are too old, I am too

young, and that makes us balance."

"Marry you?" repeated Gibbons, in ex-

cess of wonder.

"You refuse me?" exclaimed Ger-

maine, rising.

"No indeed," said Gibbons, putting her tenderly back in her chair.

